The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE HIDDEN LIFE

GOD has given us the "law of perfect liberty," to the end that we should use it to His service; and that liberty is never so safe as when we trust it unreservedly to Him, setting self-will aside, and leaving all to Him: "for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Self-rule will probably err. Moreover, those who choose their own path must be responsible for the consequences thereof, however serious; whereas when God rules, we need nothing but patient trust. He loves us far more than we can love ourselves, and He watches over us with more than a Father's love. Trust in Him, and it is impossible for devil or man to hinder His grace.

All peace and happiness in this world depend upon unreserved self-oblation to God. If this be hearty and entire, the result will be an unfailing, ever-increasing happiness, which nothing can disturb. There is no real happiness in this life, save that which is the result of a peaceful heart. Even religious people who only half give themselves up to God, know but feebly what this peace is;—they are easily disturbed by many things, scruples, dread of God's judgments, or the changes and chances of life. But the soul which gives itself wholly and without reserve to God, is filled with His own peace; and inasmuch as we are prone to grow like that to which we are closely united, the closer we draw to our God so much the stronger shall we become. Those who cleave to the things of this world are forever tossed about with the waves and storms of uncertainty—God alone is immovable, unchangeable, and he who trusts in Him will never be confounded.

Of our own strength we are equally incapable of doing good either in great works or small, but it is safest to aim at the lesser, leaving God to call us to serve Him in greater things, when He may see fit. Meanwhile, little things come daily, hourly, within our reach, and they are not less calculated to set forward our growth in holiness than are the greater occasions which occur but rarely—indeed in some ways we may turn them to more profit, inasmuch as they do not war against humility, or tend to feed self-deceit. Moreover, fidelity in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters, is a test of real devotion and love. It is quite possible to perform very ordinary actions with so high an intention, as to serve God therein better than in far more important things done with a less pure intention.

Surely it needs but to meditate upon the holy household of Nazareth to realize this truth, while God's own Word tells us that "he who despiseth little things, shall fall by little and little." Let your aim be to please our dear Lord perfectly in little things, and to attain a spirit of childlike simplicity and dependence.

One great hindrance to growth in God's love is self-love. All God's dealings with those whom He leads in the hidden paths of the spiritual life tend to root out self-love; as, on the other hand, all our difficulties and inward struggles arise from it. In proportion as self-love and self-confidence are weakened, and our will bowed to that of God, so will hindrances disappear, the internal troubles and contests which harassed the soul vanish, and it will be filled with peace and tranquillity. But it is well to bear in mind that as we advance in the spiritual life, our self-love is apt to change in character, becoming more refined and subtle, and consequently more treacherous and harder to uproot. In truth, we can only perceive this dangerous enemy by the help of God's own light, which reveals the secrets of the heart; and He only shows us our danger by degrees, giving us the means at the same time of overcoming it. Thus we seldom realize the

force of self-love until God's dealings are tearing it out of our hearts; and then if we coöperate with His grace, His love will speedily fill the vacant place, until by degrees the whole soul is His only. Then, indeed, that soul realizes the promised blessing of the "pure in heart"—and "shall see God." Such a soul may suffer, but it will suffer joyfully, unresistingly, and no sufferings can take away that peace of which Jesus said, "My peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

It will be profitable to review the various degrees of the spiritual life, and to trace how God deals with our self-love in each. Of course the most obvious form is a sensuous love of self, and a clinging to sensible and material pleasures. God draws his servants from these by filling them with heavenly delights and consolations, beside which earthly enjoyments grow pale and worthless. Next, self-love cleaves to these very consolations, this tangible delight and satisfactions, and then God gently withdraws external delight, without depriving the soul of peace and restfulness. But when self-love begins to rely upon this peace, then again He permits that to be troubled and the soul loses all self-resource, all self-confidence. It may be that the strength of such temptations increases, while we seem to ourselves capable of less and less resistance; we are aghast at the sight of our own sinfulness, and imagine that God must reject us; self-love finds no rest for sole of its foot, and scarce knows how to serve God for Himself only, while so devoid of all tangible comfort. This condition will last probably until the soul learns not to think of itself, but to dwell in God alone and then, indeed, self-love is conquered. God grants a new and heavenly life to the soul which has thus died to self—it is filled with Him, united to Him. It loves, and is loved again—no more trouble, no more fearfulness, no more temptation. Even suffering is but a fresh stimulant to love. Such a Christian waits peacefully for death, which will but fill up the measure of perfect love. "Old things have passed away, and all things become new."

As the soul advances in holiness, God's active power within it increases, while its own action diminishes. It is our part to still our natural restlessness, and give place to His uninterrupted workings; so that day by day we may lie more passively in His hand, until our will be wholly merged in His will. It must be our chief aim, having given ourselves wholly to God, to let Him take possession of all that is in us. He is wont to take all that we give Him, even our very moral being and free will; yet He does but accept the offering in order to restore it to us perfected beyond all that the heart of man can conceive.

Self-interested, calculating love is not the "perfect love" which alone is worthy of God. That love knows neither limit nor measure, human prudence cannot restrain it, it reaches out to "the foolishness of the cross." That was the love wherewith Jesus loved us: and be sure that whatever we lose in this life for His sake, we shall win for all eternity; but what we deny Him here, will be lost to us forever hereafter.—*From "The Hidden Life of the Soul," by Jean Nicholas Grou.*

TODAY

TODAY's the biggest thing that's living;
The days gone by no passions stir;
It's to today we should be giving
Gifts of frankincense and myrrh.
Yesterday we had to borrow
From the sunshine stored away;
It may rain again tomorrow
Or be gray—but say
It's fine today.

—*Trotty Veck.*

WHILE other teachers may and will do much for our modern world, the healing, purging, elevating influence of Jesus is of priceless value. When his teaching, conduct, spiritual attitude and character are rightly understood, they become a source of strength and inspiration. No man can come in contact with him without feeling that life goes out from him. His touch is quickening. He is able to help the scientist in his investigation, the philosopher in his search for ultimate reality, the artist in his creative work, the social reformer in his endeavor to cast in nobler moulds the common life. He may have known very little of astronomy or geology, history or literature, scientific methods or scientific results, but he possessed in a very marked degree such essential qualifications for success in any scientific work as a disposition to examine the facts for himself, independence of authority, confidence in his own judgment, capacity for inductive reasoning, love of truth, gentleness and firmness in presenting it, and willingness to make sacrifices for its sake.—*Nathaniel Schmidt.*

A MORNING SMILE

How do you wake in the morning?
Are you wearing a scowl or a smile?
The one that you choose is the one you will use,
On your face it will stay for a while.

If you fasten a smile on quite firmly,
And you always can smile if you try,
The first thing you know, the habit will grow—
You'll have twinkles in each sleepy eye.

—*Lydia Lion Roberts, in the Christian Science Monitor.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES, NO. 7

The "Kiddie Koop" is deservingly popular where space permits wheeling from place to place in search of breezes, shade or sunshine. In it a baby may be left asleep or awake, safely guarded from flies and mosquitoes by means of netting, and will be found an excellent substitute for a "pen." If necessary to keep a little child in town, make use of the open window and it will thrive without going out provided bassinet, carriage or crib is placed near the opening (not too close unless securely strapped to prevent climbing and tumbling over of vehicle, which quite a young child can do). Window beds to fasten outside may be made or bought but in them a child is more exposed to dust.

Precaution should be taken against smothering, that nightmare of mothers, and all too frequent. There is no danger if care is taken to place a baby pillow punched into a ball under the mattress or hard pillow upon which the baby's head lies so that the surface slopes down on either side, allowing space for breathing, even if on the face and strong enough to turn its head. Over the top of the mattress stretch a smooth linen cloth tightly tucked under the sides for the head to rest on. One should never leave a baby on a feather pillow alone.

Old linen and muslin are useful with a baby. Pieces too ragged for hemming as towels and face cloths may be used and discarded to save laundry. Odd bits two inches square are excellent for eyes, mouth, nose and ears (for these roll cloth into tight point, less injurious than the toothpick and cotton in general use). These may be kept in covered jar of boric solution, a day's supply made at a time.

When immersing the baby in the bath care should be taken not to dip the ears under water. Few persons realize the danger of water in the ears, and older children, also adults, should guard against it. If remaining in the inner ear, frequently it may be removed by hopping, while hitting the side of the head affected with the hand, causing suction by means of the palm over the ear. A small child may be taught to do this. When diving or swimming under water, it is safer to plug the ears with sterilized non-absorbent cotton. Rubber caps with band borders (gathered edges are useless for under water) sometimes protect sufficiently if drawn well down over the ears and a perfect cap with chin strap is made, but costs more.

With tendency to ear trouble, no one should go under water unless protected adequately, as mastoid may result. Serious effects are also produced by water pressure on the ear drum in diving, the higher the dive the greater the concussion. For this reason it should be indulged in with discretion, although a delightful sport and desirable in developing agility and grace. Long distance swims are a strain, otherwise, swimming is beneficial, even for quite frail persons, as the support of the water prevents muscle fatigue produced in land exercise. This is shown in pictures of professional swimmers who are always plump, contrasting with other athletes. A word of caution should be given regarding "sunning" while wet, which is wholesome if of short duration, but going in and out of the water is very harmful to all but the most robust. Besides lowering vitality due to the alternate heating and chilling, it opens the pores of the skin to such an extent that skin infection often follows.

Some physicians advocate rubbing with rough towel after the bath, while others advise putting on of clothes without drying the skin, allowing the body warmth to do so. One must become educated to the latter process, but it will be found stimulating, and was always the custom at the old "swimming-hole." Salt water, if clean, is healthful so that showers after the bath are undesirable.

Ten to twenty minutes according to age and vitality is all the time children should be allowed in the water, and not that if showing signs of chill, shivering or blueness around the mouth.

Poison ivy flourishes around sand beaches, so it is well to take precautions against infection. If the skin has rubbed against it, take common yellow kitchen soap and scrub the surface exposed with brush and lather. If blisters appear without warning, alcohol and peroxide will kill the virus quickly if used at once and often, alternating the disinfectants (often alcohol alone is effective). There are many remedies on the market, soda being the old stand-by. It is soothing and so good for use with little children, and, of course, boric acid solution is all that should be used in and around the eyes except under a doctor's direction.

Medicinal alcohol is invaluable also for slight cuts or sores, with boric powder applied afterwards for its healing quality, before bandaging. This is effective if done immediately, but strangely enough, it prevents healing if used on old wounds. Iodine or a substitute is needed for deeper injuries, especially if rust or dirt has entered them, but they should never be tampered with if serious, when a doctor should be called upon to care for them.

Suggestions and questions in regard to "Good Health" Notes should be sent to Mrs. Laura R. Donnell, 949 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. These will be gladly received by Mrs. Donnell and dealt with to the best of her ability.

A ROLLING stone gathers no moss; a whizzing soul gathers no wisdom.—*T. Starr King.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. I am a woman 40 years old and have to spend all my time indoors. I have four small children and two old folks to care for. I have ten children, but three are off at public works. I would be glad to receive books and magazines to read. Mrs. Eve Bleuins, Rugby, Va., R. 1, Box 49.

2. I would love to hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* people. I am 64 years old. Just I and my husband live alone and are not able to do much work. I would love to receive books and quilt scraps. I enjoy reading books and magazines. I am a church member. Mrs. M. B. Gambell, Tuckerdale, N. C.

3. I live far out in the country. I would be glad to get some reading or quilt scraps of any kind. I will give you Herbert Powers, Sturgills, N. C., for reference. Mrs. Mae Roberts, Brandon, N. C.

4. I am a girl 18 years old and live in a lonely place. Reading has to be my chief pastime. I should like to receive magazines like *Pictorial Review, Cosmopolitan, Geographic* or any of the better sort. I would appreciate anyone's kindness in sending me reading and would try to thank each one. Bine Roe Wann, Will's Point, Texas.

5. Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Sturgills, N. C., writes asking for reading matter and quilt material. She has not been well the past year.

6. Mrs. Pearl Blaney, Cleveland, Ark., R. 1, sends her thanks to all the *Cheerful Letter* people who have remembered her and her little boy. She asks to have reading material sent to her brother-in-law, Fred B. Forester, Scotland, Ark. Mr. Forester is an ex-soldier and has had to remain in a hospital nearly all the time in the past four years. Has just recently returned home, but still unable to work. He would enjoy books and magazines.

7. I would be glad to hear from *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am not able to do anything and the children are all gone to school. I get

very lonesome, and would be glad of books and papers of any kind. I wonder what has become of Mrs. Evan J. Duddley, New Providence, N. J.? I haven't heard from her in a long time. A letter from any one would be appreciated. Accept my many thanks through the *Cheerful Letter* paper. Mrs. Retha E. Hawell, Jefferson, N. C.

8. I am now companion to an old lady, 89 years of age. She is very glad to have me read to her. That is one of my duties. I would be so glad to get some magazines, either current or last year's, or before that even, excepting the *Saturday Evening Post.* I especially like *The Red Book, Pictorial Review, Cosmopolitan* or *Detective Stories.* The days will seem long this coming winter; we are in the country. Please remember me. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, Constantine, Mich., care of Mary Harwood.

9. Mrs. Mary Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C., is a widow and the mother of four children, the youngest ten years old. She would be glad of reading for her children and self, also any quilt material that anyone would be kind enough to send to her.

10. I wish to receive books and magazines, especially of travel and adventure, for grown-ups. My mother, Mrs. C. L. Harrington, received much reading matter from the Cheerful Letter Exchange. She has passed on, but I am still receiving the *Cheerful Letter* magazine in her name. Thanking you, Mrs. James Vellas, Swatara, Minn.

11. Mrs. N. A. Stewart, Dayton, Tenn., would be glad to receive a Testament and any good books the *Cheerful Letter* friends could send to her.

12. Mrs. Sallie Cagle, New London, N. C., R. 2, has recently lost her little baby, and she turns to the *Cheerful Letter* people to send her some cheer. She would also like cards and suitable books for her other little ones, ranging in age from nine to three years.

13. Mrs. W. R. Eanes, Route 2, Bassett, Va., and her daughter Addie will be glad of letters and scraps.

14. Mrs. Lora Standridge, Mrs. Rebecca D. Treadwell and Jesse Treadwell of Scattsville, Ark., will appreciate letters and good reading.

15. Mrs. Lillian Setleff, Bassett, Va., with three small children, will be glad of cards for them and light reading for herself.

16. Mrs. C. J. Nolen, Elamsville, Va., will be glad of good reading, as she is shut in during the winter months.

17. Mrs. Maud Hunneycutt, Marshville, N. C., R. 5, has one baby boy of her own and four motherless boys to care for. She is asking for books and cards to amuse them.

18. I most tenderly request in your kind source that I am very glad to know your address from Miss Ellen C. Morse, Jamaica Plain, Boston 30, Mass., of your place. I wrote her some months back for some books in question. Kind-hearted lady has given me address of your society.

I most ambitiously request in your generous source to send me books on "Nature library," or any kind of such books, and also a dictionary of big size. Please also arrange to send me picture books and cards for children and kiddies, and also some copies of useful magazines, which may be in colored form. Hoping with strong expectations that my supplication in the name of humanity and service will bring a good return and reply from your kind source. M. P. Sharma, Village Harrai, Post Sihora, Dist. Narsinghpur, C. P., India.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. A. P. Boyd and her mother, Mrs. S. A. Pedigo, from 302 Kimball Avenue to 320 East Avenue N. E., Roanoke, Va.

Mrs. W. H. Lathanis' route is changed from No. 2 to No. 6, Athens, Tenn.

Mrs. Beulah Mooris' P. O. has changed its name from Campbell to Lawsonville (R. 1, Box 62), N. C.

Mrs. Cora A. Haskinson's present address is Constantine, Mich., care of Mary Harwood.

NOTICE: *No* attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

THE CLOTHESLINE

THE clothesline is a rosary
  Of household help and care.
Each little saint the mother loves
  Is represented there.

And when across her garden plot
  She walks with thoughtful heed
I should not wonder if she told
  Each garment for a bead.

A stranger, passing, I salute
  The household in its wear,
And smile to think how near of kin
  Are love and toil and prayer.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

"OH," gushed Mrs. Brown, "our new minister is just wonderful! He brings things home to you that you never saw before."

Mrs. Green sniffed. "Huh! I've got a laundryman that does the very same thing."

THE RHYTHM OF WINGS

Ponds and lakes to the north and east will soon be frozen over; swamps and sloughs where red-winged blackbirds swayed and sang from the tules will soon be cold and still, but in the Imperial Valley in southeastern California the warm sun still rules the desert and casts long shining paths over the shimmering Salton Sea.

Year after year the birds begin their long flight from the cold states of the north to the south, where it is always summer. Through the same unseen paths of the warm blue sky one can watch them come; long lines of slim cranes, V-shaped flocks of honking geese and groups of noisy ducks, all intent on their winter sanctuary, the Salton Sea.

In moonlight or darkness they fly with confidence and a speed almost unbelievable. Ducks, geese, swallows and nighthawks fly both day and night, while some of the little land birds fly slowly and travel only during the day, stopping often to rest and eat by the roadside. With glints of gray, of black, and of silver the gulls and terns, the long-winged swimmers of the north, cover great distances without pausing to rest. The tiny humming bird, gleaming like a jewel, flies over the waters of the Gulf of Mexico undisturbed by winds and tide.

Groups of small water birds pass above the desert homes in the dark, the swish of their wings, their querulous cries and the humming of the night wind in the eaves combining to produce a restful harmony. When broken clouds are floating and the moon casts occasional exaggerated shadows, the faint silhouette of night birds may be glimpsed as they fly hurriedly and often low over the ground, on their way to the Salton Sea.

That happy little fellow, the western mockingbird, not content with regaling you all day with his sweet varied tones, must break into grand opera at night. He is usually found near cultivated desert orchards, but prospectors report seeing him flashing impudently in and out of the mesquite far out on the desert, or pouring forth his sweet song from a palo verde.

Just as twilight breaks over the desert, while the rosy afterglow still lingers in the sky, the black-crowned night heron makes his swift-darting evening flight, now and then uttering his abrupt, inharmonious "quawk," which seems so loud and unexpected and withal so incongruous in such a small, graceful bird.

It is well to approach the Salton Sea in the early morning when a faint light in the east gives promise of a glorious sunrise, and to go warily toward one of the little sloughs filled with shallow, muddy water and bordered with scattered tules. Here, in a spirit of joyous abandon, float, dip and dive myriads of water fowls. The rising sun sheds an iridescent glint on feathers of green, blue-black, white, grays and brown and adds luster to yellow bills and bright eyes.

Our feathered friends, the ducks, are all there: the widgeon or baldpate, the white feathers gleaming on his head; the little teal, who flies so fast and so lightly; the shoveller, displaying all his pretty colored feathers; the mallard, with his aristocratic green head; the pintail, with his long neck and pointed tail; the canvas back, swimming proudly, and the little butter-ball, who can disappear under water as quick as a flash.

Ah, what a sight to see hundreds of happy ducks feeding and reveling! At an unexpected motion or the faintest of sounds there is a whir and a clatter, and they rise from the water in a dense cloud and are up and away. One is left alone on the muddy bank standing among the scattered rushes, while far away in the bright morning sky float and sway long lines of hurrying ducks who seem to fly in perfect accord without swerving aside, and to keep time to an inaudible, rhythmical harmony.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

A HEALTH TO THE BIRDS

Here's a health to the birds one and all!
A health to the birds great and small!
The birds that from hill and hedge call,
Through the highlands and islands of grey Donegal—
Here's a health to them,
Health to them,
Health to them all!

Here's a health to the mavis!
A health to the mavis that sits on the thorn,
And trolls a gay breastful to brighten the morn,
And lighten the load of the man in the corn!
May its breast ne'er be tuneless, its heart ne'er forlorn—
A health to the mavis! . . .

Here's a health to the linnet!
A health to the linnet that lilts on the tree,
The little green linnet so pretty to see,
The linnet whose tinkling tones gladden the lea—
High health, and heart-wealth, little linnet, to thee!
A health to the linnet!

Here's a health to the blackbird!
A health to the blackbird who hides in the bush,
In the glen, far from men, where the dark rivers rush,
And rolls a full soul in the round notes that gush
From his silver-toned throat at dawning's first flush—
A health to the blackbird!

—*Seuman MacManus, in "Ballads of a Country Boy."*

EAST AND WEST OF SUEZ

THE other morning, in my room on the little "tramp," which had anchored off Suez the night before to await her turn through the great Canal, I was awakened by a bugle call close at hand. And behold! From the port I regarded the great Carinthia, most famed "world cruiser" of them all, scarce a biscuit's toss away. During the night she, like ourselves, had come out of the East and anchored here just outside the portal of the West. Her gleaming white upper works were reflecting the first rays of the sun as it rose over the desert, and the small army of her sailors was freshening up the broad decks against the appearance of her luxury-surrounded company.

Curiously enough, I had met the Carinthia's guests before, as we had wandered, in our markedly different fashion, about the world east of Suez. I had encountered them three months ago in Tientsin and Peking as they were frantically dashing about in the attempt, figuratively speaking, to see China in a few minutes. At Kandy, in Ceylon, we had met again, at a native Kandyan dance arranged by a Singhalese chief for the world-roving party.

A year ago, on another "tramp" freighter, I had chanced upon the beautiful liner in Freemantle while she was in the Antipodes on her 1926 cruise. And here again, waiting to cross that border line which divides the Orient from the Occident, the world east of Suez from the West, was the contrast between journeyings de luxe—and otherwise.

* * *

Here, rubbing elbows, as it were, lay the mighty liner and the little tramp waiting to pass through the great gateway between two worlds. And presently, as if to offer further whimsical evidence of the contrast, there drifted across to our gangway a menu card of the morning meal submitted the great ship's guests. One of our sailors secured it and laid it on the sun-flooded deck to dry, while we gathered round to regard in awed wonder the gastronomic riches of which it told. Why, there was as much difference between the fare of the Carinthia's company and ours as lay between that world east of Suez out of which we had both lately come and the other of the West across the frontier of which we were both about to pass!

No matter. None of us was consumed by envy. We only wondered speculatively how one's ship's cuisine could provide so startling an array of eatables. We thought of our own morning's repast of porridge and "kipper," and of our probable midday one of the "salt horse" upon which sailors were wont to thrive in the brave days of wooden ships and iron men, and regarded the proud world cruiser tolerantly. Wanderers both, however different the manner of our wanderings and varied our purposes, perhaps our contentment equaled theirs.

Many details must be attended to ere the ship from east of Suez may pass the great portal placed here through the energy and determination of an indomitable Frenchman, the portal that opens into the Western world. Numberless officials must come aboard, crews must be mustered, all things great and small must be "inspected," and of circumstance it seems there must be no end.

At last all is finished. Pilots are on board, the great searchlight which shall illumine the way after darkness has fallen over the desert is in place at the bow, a score of peddlers with "Egyptian necklaces" made in Birmingham have been driven away, and anchors are up. In single column formation, the Carinthia leading, a British tank ship following, ourselves, a German mail steamer from East African ports, an Australian Government passenger vessel and an Italian motorship from Shanghai in line, we pass the palm-shaded water front of Port Tewfik and are in the Canal.

"East of Suez" is behind us. We are passing through the portal into the West.

Let us always think of De Lesseps, not in terms of Panama but in terms of Suez. For here, amid this limitless waste of sand, he achieved that which bore the same relation to the deeds of men up to that time recorded as the Panama Canal bears to the deeds of the men of our time.

Here beneath the burning Arabian sun, in the treeless, trackless desert, he came to dig the mightiest ditch that man had ever conceived. If he failed at Panama he failed because, in the course of human affairs, the time had not come when the thing was possible. His monument at the Mediterranean entrance of Suez honors the memory of a great man and attests the strength of his race.

* * *

All day long and far into the night we pass slowly through this stupendous stone-walled ditch. The winds have been high and dust-storms have swept the limitless stretches of the desert on either side, sometimes enveloping us in a foglike pall. But at sundown they have fallen, as a sort of purplish haze has replaced the golden glow from the descending orb as a mantle over the unbounded sands.

Back yonder in the twilight we passed the caravan trail which leads out of Egypt, by ferry across the Canal and then on to Mecca. In the distance we saw the camels of a small band of pilgrims, and then, farther on atop a billowing sand dune at the Canal's edge, there stood in stately silhouette against the sky a solitary Arab, his beast at his side. Arms folded in quiet dignity, silent, motionless, he regarded us as we passed slowly through the portal of the East and West.—*M. T. G., in Christian Science Monitor.*

WITH OUR HOMEMAKERS

Favorite Receipts

Ritz Tomato Salad.—2 cups tomato juice, 1 tablespoon minced onion, bit of bay leaf, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin, few celery leaves, 1 clove, paprika, mayonnaise or boiled dressing. Soak the gelatin in one-quarter cup of cold water. Put together all the other ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes. Add the gelatin, stir until dissolved, and strain into moulds rubbed lightly with olive oil. Serve plain on lettuce with the dressing or combined with cabbage, celery and nuts.

Cabbage, Pineapple, Beet Salad.—1 pound cabbage, 5 slices pineapple, 1 cup diced beets (cooked). Shred the cabbage and chill in cold water for half an hour; drain. Cut the pineapple into small pieces. Mix cabbage, pineapple, and beets with mayonnaise dressing, using part mayonnaise and part whipped cream. Serve on lettuce leaf and garnish with sprig of parsley. Six servings.

Graham Brownies.—¼ cup shortening, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1¼ cups graham flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ½ cup chopped nuts, pinch of salt, ¼ teaspoon vanilla. Bake in very small gem pans at 375 deg. F. for 10 minutes. Half a pecan may be placed on top of each cookie.

Strawberry Fudge.—Into a saucepan turn 2 cupfuls of sugar, ¼ of a teaspoonful of cream of tarter and ½ of a cupful of water. Boil until a little of the syrup dropped into cold water forms a hard ball. Carefully add 1 glassful of whole preserved strawberries and boil up again. Have ready the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and pour the boiling syrup over them, beating briskly all the while. Whip until light and foamy. When the candy begins to harden, pour it into greased pans and cut it into squares when cold. Preserved pineapple and preserved strawberries are good combined in this recipe. Use ½ of a glassful of each.

Handy Hints

Mildew.—Soak the spot in sour milk over night and leave the article in the light for a day without rinsing. Wash out, then launder as usual.

Iron Rust.—Squeeze a little lemon juice on the spot, then rub in salt. Hold the stain over the steam of a boiling teakettle about a minute. Repeat, if necessary, then wash and launder.

Paint.—Soak in turpentine and rub well between the hands. Repeat as often as necessary to remove the spot, then launder as usual.

Grease.—Automobile or axle grease generally yields to a good soaking in turpentine. Another way is to place a piece of blotting paper under the stain and another on top of it; by passing a hot iron over the top blotter most of the grease is absorbed by the paper.

Before using a new iron kettle, grease inside and outside and let stand 48 hours, then wash in hot water in which a large lump of cooking soda has been dissolved.

A small dish of charcoal placed in your meat larder will keep the articles sweet and wholesome.

Vinegar bottles and cruets may be cleaned by putting into them finely crushed egg shells with a little water, and shaking thoroughly.

THE HOUSE

I'm building me a wonder-house
  Apart from busy ways;
And there I mean to shelter me
  In gladness all my days.

The fabric is the love-of-friends,
  Cemented strong and stout,
With four-square walls of loyalty
  To keep unkindness out.

The porch is broad, the threshold wide,
  I'll have no bolt nor bar;
And for a hospitable sign
  The door shall stand ajar.

The light of trust and sympathy
  In every nook will shine,
And laughter like a breeze shall blow
  Through all this house of mine.

The house will never be complete;
  But adding one by one,
The soaring gables builded firm,
  I'll rear it toward the sun

Until the turrets pierce the clouds
  And starry cressets wear;
When angels walk upon the roof,
  And God comes down the stair.

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

A little girl was crossing the Atlantic. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as a mill pond for the first three days, then the ship began pitching heavily. The child could not understand what had happened. "Mama!" said she, "What's the matter—are we on a detour?"

Judge not; the workings of his brain
  And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
  In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—*A. A. Procter.*

LITTLE HOMES

THE man who worked at the factory had a piece of a house in which he and his wife lived. It was the middle piece, and being at a corner the windows looked out on three sides, gentle-eyed windows that blinked in the sunlight. It was the first home the man had rented, and it was wonderful to him. He was always asking himself which was the more significant, the interior or the exterior of a house. Coming upon it from the roadway, it looked, to be sure, a very small slice to live in—just a few walls and windows, with other people's homes above and below it. Viewing it from the street, it seemed impossible that so much could be going on within.

Behind that corner of wall was the sitting room. He knew exactly where each piece of furniture stood, where each picture was hung; he knew to an inch where he had placed the piano, and how the linoleum had been cut to fit into the angles on either side of the fireplace. The world passed by and knew nothing of these things—that was strange!—the world did not even guess that the kitchen, up there where the narrow window was, had a scarlet strip of sateen on the dresser to match the tablecloth. It did not know the different patterns of the papers on the other side of those bricks—bunches of little roses in the sitting room, gold and white stripes in the hall, willow pattern in the kitchen, of a glazed texture so that it could be washed. It took not the faintest interest in the great fact that there was a cupboard, big enough to hold all the boxes, at the end of the hall.

Once inside the house, everything changed most suddenly. It was a surprising thing how big the rooms appeared to be when you were in them. They were no longer bits of a building, they were home. Sometimes, too, when he and his wife sat together by the fire and talked of what they might do some day, the walls disappeared altogether until it seemed that there was only one home in the world, instead of millions of isolated homes, each with walls and windows and front doors—and cupboards, maybe, to hold all the boxes.

When the man comes home from the factory in the evening, he keeps to a certain side of the road so that he can see the red-shaded lamp in the sitting-room window. It shines right away to the corner to tell him that supper will be ready in a minute. But that is another thing that the world does not know—it only sees a light like a small red beacon, glowing on somebody's window sill.

In the kitchen at this very moment there is such a sizzling and a spluttering going on it seems remarkable that never a sound, nor even a sniff escapes from those thin brick walls to tell of the activity within. And the man, with his eye on the lamp, wishes that the houses as he passes them were less adamant in their secrecy; wishes that there were fewer bells and knockers on the thresholds, and that some of the doors, sometimes, might stand open for awhile; wishes, yes wishes with all his heart, that every home in every city had a red beacon burning in its window to say to all the world that supper will be ready in a minute.

And here is his own front door, left open a little bit; and here is the sitting room with the round table all laid in readiness; and here is Alice coming in very busily, with steam rising from her tray and blowing behind her.

"Alice," he says, "I have been thinking as I came along—"

"Sit down and get your supper while it's hot; we will hear all about the thinking afterwards," says Alice.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
But I shook my head,
Hid my hands tight behind my back, and said,
Stubbornly,
"I."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
But I looked upon them grimy and all awry—
Myself in all those twisted shapes? Ah, no!
Distastefully I turned my head away,
Persisting,
"They."

The Lord said,
"Say, 'We'";
And I,
At last,
Richer by a hoard
Of years and years,
Looked in their eyes and found the heavy word
That bent my neck and bowed my head;
Like a shamed schoolboy then I mumbled low,
"We,
Lord."

—*Karle Wilson Baker.*

HOSPITALITY, education, charity, in the life of a church are all subordinate to worship.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

IF I had time to find a place,
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so,
It might be then I would see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal,
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,
If I had the time!

—*Richard Burton.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE WHITE-FOOTED MICE MOVE

A FAMILY of white-footed mice, or deer mice, lived in a cosy nest in a low bush near a grassy swamp. There were five in the family, Mr. and Mrs. Deer Mouse and three little mice.

The three little mice looked very much alike. But if you looked carefully you would notice that one had a little more brown on its back (this one was called Brownie) and that one had a little more white on its breast (this one was called Whitie) and that the other's feet were a little pinker (this one was called Pinkie).

One morning Pinkie woke early and said to her two brothers, Brownie and Whitie, "Come, boys, let's run a race." So the three little mice began running around and around inside the nest.

"Hey, there, you youngsters, lie down and go to sleep," called Mr. Deer Mouse, as twelve tiny pink and white feet scampered over his brown back. "The house is not the place for romping."

Mrs. Deer Mouse opened her large bright eyes slowly and yawned, as the tiny feet tripped lightly over her white and brown side. She said to Mr. Deer Mouse: "My dear, we really need a larger house. This nest is too small for five mice."

"Nonsense!" answered Mr. Deer Mouse and went to sleep.

But he did not sleep long, for the three little mice began teasing him. One pulled his tail, one tickled his nose, and one twirled his mustaches.

"Please, please, please, go and find us some breakfast. We are big enough now to eat what grown-ups eat. We are tired of having nothing but milk," they shouted.

"Hush! Let your father sleep," whispered Mrs. Deer Mouse. "Come with me. I'll show you the family pantry."

So little Mrs. Deer Mouse crept over the edge of the nest and frisked along the trunk of the bush to the ground. And the three baby mice frisked along behind her. She led them to her storehouse in a near-by thicket, and there they found sweet nuts, grain, and seeds.

When they had finished their breakfast, Mrs. Deer Mouse said: "Now, children, while we are out, we might as well keep our eyes open for a larger nest. Tell me if you see one empty."

"Why not build one ourselves?" suggested Brownie, brushing a bit of nut from his tiny mustache with his baby pink paw.

"That would be foolish when the world is full of unused nests," replied his mother. "We white-footed mice seldom build our own nests. We alter empty nests to our liking. That is much more clever. Our present one was built by some birds."

"Look, look," cried Pinkie. "There is a family of flying-squirrels moving out of a nest larger than ours!"

And sure enough, the flying squirrels were moving to a still larger nest. So Mrs. Deer Mouse visited the abandoned nest and found that it would do nicely with very little change. She told the children to remain in the nest till she came back. Then away she ran to tell Mr. Deer Mouse about the fine big nest. She wondered what she should do if he did not wish to move, but just as she was thinking about this she saw him jump from the bush and come running toward her. He was scarcely awake yet.

"Something shook me right out of the nest," he cried. "Oh dear! oh dear! I wonder what it was."

They looked and saw a mischievous dog shaking the bush.

"Where shall we hide? Quick, my dear!" squealed Mr. Deer Mouse.

"There is a wonderful big nest, right here in this thicket," said Mrs. Deer Mouse and frisked away to the flying-squirrel's nest, where Pinkie and Whitie and Brownie were waiting.

Mr. Deer Mouse scampered after her as fast as he could run.

"Did any white-footed mouse ever have such a clever little wife as mine?" he gasped. "Well, I doubt it. My dear, you are wonderful!"

"SMILE a smile and while you smile, another smiles;
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles;
And life's worth while
If you but smile."

THE FRIENDLY SQUIRREL

ONE busy Saturday morning as I stood at my 'phone near the windows of our stairway landing, I was attracted by the antics of a fat little squirrel sitting on the limb of a tree near by. He seemed in such a happy frame of mind, shaking himself, whisking his fluffy little tail this way and that and reveling in the glorious warm sunshine.

Rather cautiously I raised the window whereupon he gave me a saucy little look but showed no intention of leaving. I descended to the pantry where I found a basket of nuts and hastened back with one for my newly-found friend.

A short time later I heard a noise at the windows above the old piano which stands in our hall, and, looking up, I saw Mr. Squirrel watching me intently. Out upon the porch I went with another titbit and clucked softly to call him. Down upon the porch he scampered and took the proffered delicacy, not even moving when the postman came with the morning mail. I closed the door then, and sat down to enjoy the letters

to the accompaniment of a little "scratch, scratch" at the door. I finally opened it to my new little begging animal friend.

Later that day when our sister and brother came for a visit, Mr. Squirrel appeared at the living-room window. So we opened the front door slightly and sat awaiting developments, having in the meantime taken some more nuts from the bowl. Pretty soon, ever so cautiously, in he came, standing now and then on his hind feet as if to scan this new domain and get his bearings. It did not take much coaxing before he was climbing up upon our chairs and even into our laps. One big nut he promptly refused, and waited until we gave him another. Although we again and again offered him this discarded nut, he promptly rejected it, and at our last offer, dropped it upon the floor, where it rolled far from reach.

A week passed to the day before he again came scratching at our door. He walked about the house fearlessly, coming quite close to Billy the colored man as he worked about, until he finally found the pantry where the nuts were stored. Again and again he took one, scampering out to bury it, but always returning for more.

I saw him but one Saturday more before he discontinued these visits, but on other days I sometimes find him stretched comfortably along the limb of the big poplar near our bedroom window from which I sometimes talk to him. But he just looks lazily at me as if to say, "I'm just so very content right here, I don't believe I'll come a-visiting today, if you'll excuse me."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

MAN, THE HEROIC

THE attentive ear may detect a strange counterplot in the newspaper despatches. On the one hand, a recurrent warning that man is iniquitous. The morals of man are pretty bad. On the other hand, a series of despatches scattered through the newspapers provoke reflection as to whether man is at heart as bad as he is depicted.

Nay, they seem to indicate that man is made of heroic stuff. There was, for example, the story of Big Bill Martin of Columbus, O., who went down into a gas-filled caisson to rescue four companions and did not return to safety until he had retrieved their bodies. There were two New York school teachers who stuck by their posts and did not quit until they had saved forty little children from a burning building. There were those men who risked their lives and worked for a week to rescue Floyd Collins from his living death. There were twenty-one names, each with a brief citation, made public by the awarders of Carnegie hero medals. Finally, there was this great dash across Alaska by dog mushers, each taking his life in his hands, to bring succor to Nome, stricken with an epidemic.

Just a scattering lot of stories, these, typical of what goes on every day. Let us think what they prove. These heroic men and women were just average citizens, called on by circumstances to do acts which made the world applaud.

Their courage was superb. But isn't it true that most average citizens, confronted by such emergencies could have found in themselves the requisite courage to do likewise? If the human race, at heart, is made of such stuff as this, why all this talk about its inherent sinfulness? The feat of Gunnar Kasson and his friends seemed as heroic in Japan or India as it did to us. The inner essence of such an exploit is fundamental and universal, its implication is the same wherever human beings can be found to hear about it. Are we, at heart, as bad as we are painted? Most likely we are not. There is a touch of the Divine in us that the moralists might reckon with. —*New York World.*

SUCCESS

YOU cannot climb high,
Sitting down;
You cannot get there,
Standing still;
You can't win a smile
With a frown;
You won't, if you don't
Say "I will!"

You can't climb a hill
Without work;
There's no easy way
To success;
You can't do a thing
If you shirk;
You cannot be sure
If you guess.

And so, as you travel
Your way,
Rebuffs you will meet,
It is true;
But stick to your task
Every day,
And success will at last
Stick to you.

"I SHOULD like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

"We shall be very glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh, I mean a charge account, such as I have at the dry goods store."

IT must ever be borne in mind that the Government and its policy in this country is just what we, the people, make it.—*Peter Cooper.*

WE then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. . . . For even Christ pleased not himself. —*Romans xv, 1, 3.*

PEOPLE are better than we fancy, and have more in them than we fancy; and if they do not show that they have, it is three times out of four our own fault.—*Charles Kingsley.*

To be at leisure with one's self; to be strong enough to keep toil and the world within boundaries; to free one's heart to enjoy love and home, is worth a stern resolve and a big fight to keep it. —*Charles Kingsley.*

SUNDAY morning is a time when he who resolves to do better may employ the subtle psychic force of a whole congregation who are setting their souls with his to nobler things.—*John Andrew Holmes.*

A PRAYER FOR DUMB CREATURES

O Thou, whose Life dwells in all that liv and whose power sustains all things, may we reverence the Life within ourselves that we m not injure bird or beast in malice or carelessne or for the sake of vanity; but, having tenderne for all innocent things, may we rejoice in t friendship of faithful creatures, by the Kindn of Christ. *Amen.*

LIFE

WHEN the soul is free
Life is beautiful
As a sunset sea.

When the soul is bound
Life's a high, brick wall
Closing you around.

—*Mary Burt*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters a by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of cor spondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good serm or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only su simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheer Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made paya to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount W Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazin should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brim Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by s dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where h is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location a care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine libra are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Ma should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from oth interested in the organization and its methods.

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